

# Let It All Go

Mark Knopfler

When its pop goes the weasel, let go of the easel  
You dont want this rickety rackety life  
Its seat of the trousers, its all sink or swim, son  
Id kill to get crimson on this palette knife And Id steal in a minute, Im up to here in it  
You here behaving as though Im a saint  
Get a job with a pension, dont ever mention  
You once had a craving for the brushes and paint So go, forget it, let it all go, let it all go  
Go, forget it, let it all go  
Go, forget it, let it all go, let it all go  
Go, forget it, let it all go, let it all go A hack writer judges my swipes and my smudges  
He doesnt like pictures with blotches and blots  
The drawing room tea set wants horses, sunsets  
Sweet nothings, the seaside with yachts Heres the end of the thirties, no time for arties  
Over in Poland, a right old to-do  
So go join the navy, the air force or the army  
Theyll all be enrolling young fellows like you So go, forget it, let it all go, let it all go  
Go, forget it, let it all go  
Go, forget it, let it all go, let it all go  
Go, forget it, let it all go, let it all go These are not my decisions, flaming visions  
Ringing expressions, the clamoring voice  
Its volcanic desire, unquenchable fire  
It isnt a question of having a choice Anyway, now Im old but if you wont be told  
Youve been created to answer the call  
All passion and lust is gonna end in the dust  
But youll hang on some government gallery wall You must go, forget it, let it all go, let it all go  
Go, forget it, let it all go  
Go, forget it, let it all go, let it all go  
Go, forget it, let it all go, let it all go

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